

Hillman

ROYAL BLUE AND GOLD CAMROSE ALBERTA



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



SPECIAL CHRISTMAS FEATURE
THROO' THE KEYHOLE
MR. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

NEWS SECTION

LEROY NELSON-NEWS EDITOR

PAGE 2

COMMERCIAL'S LIKE THEIR NEW QUARTERS NEWS EDITOR NELSON SAYS FRIDAY LIT WAS
Miss Younie is Pleased and Proud A SENSATION: HE SHOULD KNOW HE SPENT
ALL MONDAY RUNNING AROUND TRYING TO
by Scoop McNnoop and Leroy Nelson FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT

On November 13, a dark day for the News Editor Failed to Attend Lit.
persons concerned, the General Shop by Scoop McNnoop
boys were drafted for the purpose of
moving the Commercial Class into its
new quarters. A mass of struggling
humanity-the shop boys-hauled the
desks and typewriters into the new
room, unpacked eight new typewriters
and prepared them for service, packed
eight old typewriters and prepared
them for shipment-and vanished to a
man when the four o'clock bell rang.

Miss Younie is poroud of her new
room. She says it's one of the few
commercial rooms in which the light-
ing is good for either typing or
writing-in typing students have to
have the light on their right as the
new room has.

The commercial students are also
pleased with the new room and are
glad to have moved from the cramped
library. Smiling Pat Colbert says:
I like the elbow room we have now.
In the library I sat in the last row
and whenever I relaxed my feet struck
out in front of the class and Miss
Younie always tripped over them. Now
I have to sit in the very first row
to get the same results. In the lib-
rary, the people next to me were sit-
ting nearly in my lap or were squee-
zed beside me, but now I can't reach
them even with a ruler when I want to
annoy them."

Betty Markle gives her opinion:
It's all right I guess but I certainly
wish there were more boys in our clas-
ss-sigh."

The rest of the girls agreed that
the new room was nice but it would be
nicer if there were more boys around.

DECORATIONS FOR FRIDAY DANCE COMPLETED

The decorating committee under the
direction of Margarette Turcotte is
turning the assemble hall into a Chr-
istmas fairyland. The decorations are
so good that the decorators argue who
thought of the bright ideas. Young
McNary and Cummer were acting like
good little elves getting in the way
of the decorator and making themself-
es useful occasionally.

We have snooped around and found
out that Erickson's orchestra from
Bawlf will supply the music. According
to the executive, dancing to Erickson's
music in the decorative surroundings
will be an ideal way to wind up the
first school term.

After spending all of Monday trying
to find out what was on the program of
Friday's Lit, News Editor Nelson,
decided that it must have been a "bang
up affair" and that it was "enjoyed by
all."

Nelson discovered that the program
was opened about twenty minutes late
and that the first item on it was the
song, "We're Proud of Canada" sung by
Tim Johnson, a well known stranger.
Following this, two young ladies,
Barbara Halowachuk and June Swedburg
sang a duet. Their first song, "When
It's Night Time in Nevada" was follow-
ed by an encore-"Moonlight on the Co-
lorado."

Peter Gorovitch's violin solo, the
News Editor deducts, must have been
good, because it seems that the young
violinist was called back for a repeat
performance.

In the style show, mannikin Austin
Chant came first for wearing his classy
ensemble and size ten boots like a
Park Avenue Playgirl. "Miss" Chant's
prize was a luscious apple.

The News Editor says that there was
also a pantome. What it was all about
I haven't discovered, and neither has
the Editor. It was, he says, directed
by Betty Groven and Leoda Graham.

The girls who violated the recent
"Wear Lisle Stockings Only or Else"
ruling got a rude surprise. It seems
that their names had been taken down
and that preperations had been make
to punish them. These girls were
called on the stage and make to perform
for the amusement of the audience.

During the dancing that followed,
Master of Ceromonies Cummer stopped
the proceedings and picked Adeline
Carlson and Dan Noonan as winners of
the Spot Dance. The winners got
handy prizes; Miss Carlson, a rolling
pin, Mr. Noonan, a toy trumpet. The
festivities ceased about eleven o'clock
when the boys ran out of nickels to
put in the Warlitzer.

SCHOOL CLOSSES ON TUESDAY DECEMBER 23rd.
FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS-----

Please note that it's Tuesday the 23rd,
not Tuesday the 16th, and come to
school till the last day.

Do come and let the others enjoy
your company!!!!

HISTORY MADE IN C.H.S.

General Shop Held in School for First Time

History was made in the C.H.S. last November 13 when, for the first time in the annals of the Camrose High School, General Shop equipment was moved into the new room built for that purpose. Mr. Carter and the various shop classes have been working daily setting up machines building benches and arranging tool racks. Mr. Carter is very well pleased with the new location and says, "It's perfection plus." The large window space will provide more adequate lighting than the previous basement location. Some former shop students expressed their doubts whether the hardwood floor could stand the rough treatment it could receive at the hands of potential carpenters and metal workers. Mr. Carter says that the floor will be protected by a coat of wax. This arrangement has been used successfully in both Edmonton and Calgary Technical Schools for years.

The new system to be employed by Mr. Carter is a vast improvement over the former. All tools are to be kept in a stockroom and will be distributed by a stockman. The sets of essential woodworking tools are kept in individual kits and are to be issued to each student at the beginning of the period. Any additional tools needed will be issued by the stockman on request. Mr. Carter stated that this method is similar to that used by large factories and that it would be enlarged upon later.

The new shop room is also provided with a paint room where the paint supplies are kept. All painting of articles is to be done in this room in order to prevent dust and dirt from settling on the fresh paint.

When asked whether the students liked their new surroundings, Mr. Carter replied that he thought they liked it very much except that the radiators are so high that they can't hide the sawdust under them. He said that all efforts to keep the room clean would be made and added that "if you see a bright light shining from this end of the hall, you'll know it's just the clean shop room."

JACK RICHARDSON VISITS SCHOOL

Jack Richardson was seen roaming about the halls late last Monday afternoon. Jack will report at McLeod to complete his advanced training.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE DROPPING STEADILY

When the barometer drops it means a storm is coming but when the attendance drops it means one of three things: (1) an approaching holiday (2) measles (3) mumps. In this case, the sudden drop can be attributed to the former and the latter. Surely people aren't doing their Christmas shopping early this year. That would be too much of a shock to the storekeepers and postmen. Besides shopping early and avoiding the rush is against the principles of Democracy. Old Man Mumps can't be entirely blamed either. Our Secret Service and Strong-Arm Men have been shadowing perfectly healthy inmates of this school downtown between nine and four p.m.

C.H.S. SWEATERS ARRIVE

Latest Models Easily Distinguished

This terms first order of Royal Blue and Gold sweaters arrived on November 11th. The bright, flashy colors of the latest models stood out amongst the dull blue and gold of last years blocks like orchids in a patch of daisies. The garments didn't seem to be tailored either. Students of slight physique were seen leading sweaters at least two sizes too large around like swaddling nightshirts.

Then there were the more robust inmates of this school who compressed themselves into sweaters two sizes too small for them. An attentive person could almost hear the tortured seams straining and stretching.

Incidentally, there were a few perfect fits.

PHYSICS II CLASS STUDIES OLD ESSEX MOTOR

The lab. was once again the scene of an operation when an innocent Essex motor was ruthlessly dismembered by a few students of Mr. Creighton's Physics II class. Female physicists looked on with awed interest and admiration as Vernon Roth explained some of the intricacies of an Internal Combustion Engine.

VERNON ROTH BEDRIDDEN BY APPENDICITIS

Robust Vernon backed down to that old Blitzkrieger, appendicitis last Monday. By now he probably knows the life history of every pretty nurse in the hospital. Vernon's absence is his first on account of illness.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT
BUY THEM REGULARLY!



HI-SCHOOL SPORTS



ANTON PROSKOW-SPORTS EDITOR

It seems very queer indeed to hear some boys of the high school grumbling about old man winter. They believe HE is slow in getting here and believe me...they have their reasons. They are just itching to slip into their skates and to sail down the ice. They just can't wait to armour themselves in their flashy hockey uniforms and challenge any foolish challenger that may come along. Wetaskwin is the town they are grinning at. Their fists are clenched, their jaws are set firmly, and their minds are made up to regain the Central Alberta High School Hockey Cup. "We'll get it back" says Jim Richardson. "We'll get it back even if we fight with our backs to the wall." That's real determination and I firmly believe it is going to happen just like that.

Hockey Meeting Nov. 25

A good turn out at the meeting proved the ambition of the boys to push through a good hockey season. A general discussion took place to decide whether Junior "B" hockey or high school hockey would be organised. Junior "B" hockey would consist of lads twenty-one years and under from the town of Camrose. High School Hockey would consist of players from the high schools only. After a great deal of consideration and discussion, it was decided to send three representatives to a meeting at Wetaskwin on November 28. Norman Barrie, Jim Waberton and Jim Richardson were nominated to represent the Camrose Club. Mr. Cheighton was to accompany the boys to Wetaskwin.

Hockey Meeting at Wetaskwin on Nov. 28

The towns that were interested in high school or Junior "B" hockey sent representatives to the meeting at Wetaskwin. The chairman of the meeting was H.B. Wilson while the voting representatives of the League were Ira Shantz, N. Creighton and Norman Barrie of Wetaskwin, Ponoka and Camrose respectively. Rod McGregor was selected to act as president while the secretary was to be chosen later. At this meeting Camrose insisted on having a High School Hockey League. Ponoka supported Camrose in this request and after a great deal of discussion it was decided to organize High School Hockey.

Hockey Meeting in Room 4

Once again the ambitious hockey players of C.H.S. met to discuss "Future Hockey". Representatives were selected to make inquiries about the use of the Camrose Rink. Those that were chosen were Ernie Pearce, Bob Rogers and Bill Richardson.

Badminton

If you take a stroll through the hall-way of C.H.S. you may as well glance at the Bulletin Board. At your first glance you will probably notice a long list of names on a sheet. Well...here's the point I'm driving at folks....those are the names of the students that are interested in Badminton.

Yes! I said Badminton.....and where there is such good representation there is good co-operation, and where there is good co-operation, there's always perfect sportsmanship.

Sports Unlimited

Shortly after the opening of school, a number of students were elected to fulfill certain seats in the Students Union Club. Bob McDonald was selected to organize sports of Camrose High School. Apparently he resigned his position and now, we are proud to learn that Norman Barrie is our new sports director. Now we believe that Norman will do a good job and from reports so far, it is learned that he is speeding up the awakening of hockey, badminton, basketball, ping-pong etc. So here's the best of luck to Norman Barrie in his desire to prove that Camrose is alive in sports.

..... Wars have been lost, and wars have been won,
And nations have fought bravely, have crumbled and are gone,
Still in the hearts of the freedom fighting might
Still live a courage of their defending right.
A game is the same in every possible way,
You may lose, you may win, no-one can say;
But if you do lose, never get "sore"
Smile at your opponent and be a good sport.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT
BUY THEM REGULARY!

AIR CADETS

CAMROSE FLIGHT

W.L. Markle

For GRADE TEN ONLY!!

It's my duty to tell you something of the activities of the Camrose Branch Air Cadets.

First I'll tell you something of our signalling. This subject we Air Cadets find very interesting. We find it different and very stimulating. Almost every Thursday night we'll go over to the Legion Hall where Pilot Officer Strong (our instructor is waiting for us). The executive for the Air Cadets has bought a ticker machine with a loud speaker attached. When a letter is sent, it comes through this so every cadet can hear it. We immediately write it down, if we can, later hand our papers in to be checked.

Another phase of our work which we find most interesting is "Aircraft Recognition." Mr. G. Carter, who is our instructor, flashes on the screen pictures of airplanes from most of the outstanding countries in the world today. Something more difficult in this work is drawing rough outline of British and German aircraft.

Drill is another thing necessary for the cadets for good physical condition and knowledge of marching. We owe a debt of gratitude to Col. Scott and military staff for their permission to use the Drill Hall on Monday nights. J.W.E. Markle, our drill instructor has tried out four or five cadets for the position of N.C.O.'s. (Non-commissioned officer's) We have been certain having good parades and we're all hoping this will continue.

Mr. Crieghton has been giving us cadets very interesting lectures on weather conditions and barometer reading which are both essential for Air Cadet work.

Up to the present, F.O. Markle has informed me that all the cadets, the juniors included, have had their medical examination by M.O. Smith. He is happy to say that not one of the fifty cadets was rejected.

F.O. Markle, our Officer Commanding told the cadets last week that the Headquarters of the Air Cadet League of Canada was planning to send all Air Cadets to a training camp for two weeks next summer. The cheers and "Hurras" that followed our O.C.'s remarks were sufficient evidence to the way the cadets feel toward this summer camp. We're all keeping our fingers crossed.

I might take this opportunity now to speak on behalf of all the Air Cadets in Camrose. We don't think that the Camrose Flight No. 24 could have a finer group of officers and committee than we've got right now. We want them to know that we're behind them and we're going to co-operate with them to the utmost.

Strutting down the aisles during a recent health period in Room 5 were grade ten girls indentifying the various posture defects such as Slavin Slouch, Suzie Swayback, Hortense Hump, etc.

Girls in this class strived to work away from the other names and become a Petunia the girl with perfect posture.

Sallie Stiff is identified by the following lines:

Parades, of course are lots of fun,
But what girl wishes to walk like one,
Yes Sallie Stiff, the crazy nut,
Has got a military strutt;
With shoulders stiff and backbone rigid,
She has a gait that's simply frigid,
If Hitler saw her he'd enlist her,
But were's the man who's ever kissed her.

NOTICE--If any soul can lay their paws on the names and addresses of the four fugitives from the college who were fanatically pursuing a Rhode Island Red down Main street, they are requested to forward them to the "Love-lorn Column."

On the night of December second, attracted by female cries of anguish, I followed my super-sensitive nose and arrived on the scene, just in time to see three helpless damsels from C.H.S. petrified with horror as a monstrous chicken descended upon them, cackling fiendishly. Not on the trail sped six young Galahads from yon fair college shouting encouragement to the chickens.

Sad ending to a beautiful romance:
-Alas! cruel world!! To our heroines dismay, the college men were chasing the chicken, (the feathered kind) in earnest for they whizzed by without even so much as a "Hi ya, babe!" or "Whatcha doin' tonight, cutie-!"

To quote the females, "We were so frightened, we were simply petrified!" No wonder if the above statement is entirely true. Not that we doubt the character of those gals who do their homework and are-well-don't get me wrong but it seems to be a trifle strange that the girls were all able to state that all six college heroes were young and built like supermen; when they were so-o-o-o frightened.

This columnist is puzzled..... jumbled.....and what have you?..... She doesn't know how to whistle on a typewriter. Do you?.....Any suggestions will be appreciated.....

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT

The "ROYAL BLUE & GOLD" is published monthly by the students of Camrose High School.

It is sold by the copy and may be obtained by prearrangement from Ed Shermak, Business Manager, or when it is distributed, from the room salesman. Price per copy, five cents.

The staff of the ROYAL BLUE AND GOLD is as follows:

Director-J.W.E. Markle
Editor-in-Chief-Save Hnyda
Associate Editor-Elaine Brown
News Editor-Leroy Nelson
Sports Editor-Anton Proskow
Rewrite Editor-Peggy Skjeie
Business Manager-Ed Shermak
Production Manager-Roland Swaren

Columnists: Betty Groven and Assistants; Ernie Pearce and Bill Christensen; Stan Hnyda; Bill Markle; Elaine Brown; May Seidel.

Art- Stan Hnyda assisted by Dorothy Osness.

NOTICE

This, the December issue of the Royal Blue and Gold, will probably be the last. The Editor had discovered that the majority of the staff members find that working for the paper is a real burden, and that they think they can spend their more profitably. So, unless another staff is organized or the present one is persuaded to continue, there will be no more papers.

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EXPLANATION

You may have wondered why the cover has come off so poorly this time. The reason for it is that the stencil from which the copies are made had become brittle and weak, and that it began to tear. There was no time to prepare a new stencil so the damaged one was repaired and used. As a result of the damage and repairs the lettering looks spotty and Mr Gulliver's likeness altered, nearly beyond recognition. Yes, it is supposed to be Mr Gulliver on the cover.

Just received notice that the News page has also been damaged.

Spelling errors sometimes are made accidentally. The number of errors made by our typists make that explanation appear doubtful. However, we hope you got more amusement than annoyance out of those errors-and that you'll forgive and forget them.

.....

Frank Noonan wanted his name in the paper and so we present it:

FRANK NOONAN

DO YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A PASTY FACED RUNT?

Then smoke Chocoos, --- average cigarette.

Chocoos will give you all the advantages of smoking. They stupefy your mind. They undermine your resistance to colds and other diseases. They have bad effects on your longevity, physical and nervous energy and general health.

Do you know that if you smoke a package of Chocoos every day for a week, the amount of nicotine you would have consumed would, if you had taken it at one time, have prepared you for a pain box.

Here are samples of what famous people say about Chocoos:

Gene Tunney (former heavy weight boxing champion of the world; Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R.), "Chocoos and all cigarettes are a foul pestilence!"

Lauritz Melchior (tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Co.), "Chocoos never hurt my throat-I don't smoke."

Joe Louis, "I wouldn't smoke Chocoos, Stinkies, or any other cigarette on a bet."

The late Knute Rockne, "Chocoos, and tobacco in general, slow up reflexes, Lower morale; and any advertising that says smoking helps an athlete is a falsehood and a fraud."

The above are examples of what sensible and well informed people say of Chocoos and tobacco in general. Why not use them. Why not????

Here is what Abdul Hassan the famous Bedouin chief said to the young men of his tribe about smoking:

"There are three good reasons for smoking. First if you smoke enough tobacco, you smell so strong the dogs will never bite you. Second, if you smoke long enough, you will develop lung trouble which will make you cough even when you sleep. Robbers hearing you cough will think you are awake and so not try to steal your belongings. Third, if you smoke as much as you can, you will have many diseases and will die young.

Smoke CHOCOOS and stupefy yourself!!!!

THE TANGLEFOOT SCHOOL OF DANCING
M'sieu Patrique Colbort, Dancing Master
We teach the latest steps.

Partners are provided free-partners being brooms or chairs-you can take your choice.

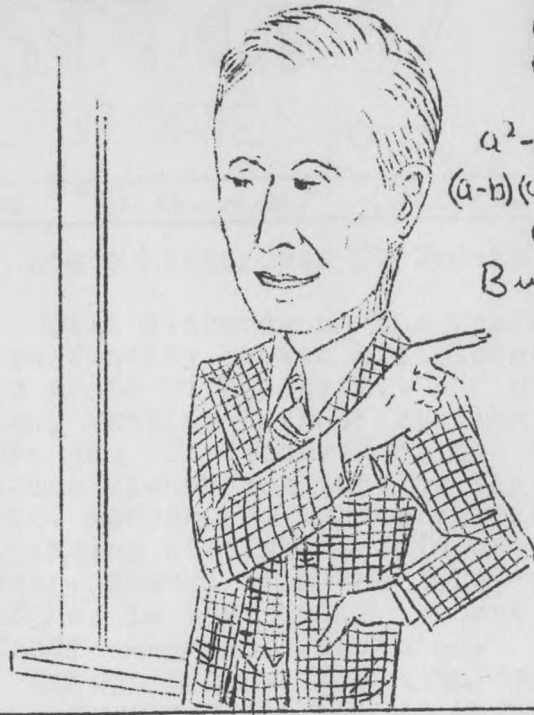
Don't miss the fun of dancing because you can't dance. See Pat today and learn how in ten easy lessons you can become an expert. It's easy! It's fun!

Low Christmas rates are now in effect
Take advantage of them

TC-DAY!!!

PRESENTING MR. GULLIVER *and his* TRAVELS

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$$\begin{aligned} H &= a = b \\ a^2 &= ab \\ a^2 - b^2 &= ab - b^2 \\ (a-b)(a+b) &= b(a-b) \\ a+b &= b \\ \text{But } a &= b \\ 2a &= a \\ a/2 &= 1 \end{aligned}$$

SH.

Mr. Gulliver began his travels by trip to England. This was during the year he was attending grade four in Stettler, the town in which he had been born and raised. The trip itself was uneventful except that he, like most land-lubbers, learned what it feels like to lean over the rail and say to the fish, "Friends, all I have is yours!" Yes, readers, he experienced seasickness!

The ship on which Mr. Gulliver was travelling came to Cherbourg, France before docking at Southampton. Of his glimpse of France he remembers particularly two things; two massive stone forts which apparently were built to protect Cherbourg harbour and a French middle steamer which was sent out from the harbour for and exchange of mail and passengers.

In England he lived and attended school in a small town in Cambridgeshire near the famous university town of Cambridge. He found school different there than in Canada in that the school was divided into standards, which, note, do not correspond to Canadian grades. The games the English boys played, football and cricket, were unfamiliar to him. But the most striking difference between Canadian and British schools, he noted was the way in which punishment was administered. Instead of using the familiar strap, the English teachers applied a thin and flexible cane to the palm of the hand or to that part of the anatomy that is exposed by touching the toes. However students were passed just as here, if they made 50% on a written test and if they earned a favorable teacher's report as well.

Mr. Gulliver visited Cambridge after. The magnificent university buildings at the town impressed him. He saw the Cambridge boatsmen row, but he regrets he didn't see any of the famous Oxford-Cambridge meets.

During Mr. Gulliver's visit to London he saw Big Ben, Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey. He remembers particularly well the slow traffic of the city: one time a taxi in which he was riding had to travel slower than the pedestrians walked.

On Mr. Gulliver's voyage from England his steamer stopped off at a port in Ireland before going on to Canada. On his return, he resumed going to school. He was placed in grade four, the grade he was taking when he left, but the following year he skipped a grade and thus was able to get back into step with normal school progress.

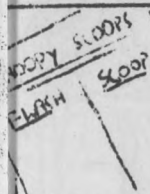
Mr. Gulliver attended Didsbury High School. His favorite subjects were the maths and the sciences, and his favorite sports were baseball and softball. He was a member of the high school team and, later, of an intermediate team that entered the provincial tournament.

Following his graduation from Calgary Normal School, Mr. Gulliver taught school at Neapolis, a small place in southern Alberta. It was expected to grow into another Minneapolis, hence the name. The place, Mr. Gulliver testifies, has not yet fulfilled the expectation of its namers, but it should be given time, its already got a store and a cheese factory.

After four years at Neapolis, Mr. Gulliver attended the University of Alberta taking a course in Arts and Sciences and specializing in physics and mathematics. At the University he took part in fencing which he found very exciting and exhausting and in volleyball and basketball which he enjoyed very much. Mr. Gulliver graduated with a B.Sc. degree. At present he is working for a degree in education.

Since his graduation last spring, Mr. Gulliver has had a number of jobs substituting for teachers previous to coming here.

[illegible]



SNOOPY SCOOPS!

and SENSATIONAL STORIES



Ernest "Endeavour" Pearce and "Belgewater" Christensen

Strong Swears Revenge "Chuck Strong Threatens to Kill"

Chuck's rubbers are missing and Chuck doesn't like it a bit. But confidentially folks it will soon blow over and Chuck will have another pair of rubbers. Luckily mine are a small size. Anyway Chuck, don't be to angry over it all, after all they weren't our rubbers.

While Chuck seems to be in the spot light we have just had a flash on the progress of his mustache. Alas we think he is going to shave it off. On interviewing the proud gardener he said, "I have grown so fond of Herman Perry and Joe that I hate to part with them."

A hot stove league has been formed amongst certain C.H.S. lads who seem to be haunting the skating rink during school hours. Certain stories that we have heard are supposed to be true but sound very, very fishy.

Cummer Triumphs Again

Fred Cummer, that ingenious young lad from grade XI has again accomplished the impossible! He claims to have invented a perfect door slam silencer. The test slams were conducted by Aurthur Shepherd (the official door slamer of C.H.S.) and proved very successful, the only trouble being that he couldn't get the door shut.

You may expect to see some of Fred's wonderful inventions in any of the more popular mechanics magazines. Naturally his name isn't under them but he thought of them years ago.

.....
We dare-say the invitation to the tetter High School party brings back pleasant memories.
.....

LASH R. Knaut Gains New Lease On Life

Homework is Never Done

Rod Knaut may be seen rushing home every night about 11p.m., which is much past his bed time, from the general direction of the C.L.C. upon entering the house he wonders what makes him so Fey-nt. You know Rod you must get your caloriend of sleep, especially if you want to grow up to be a good farmer.

Romeo Richardson IV Breaks Record

Bill Richardson "the women hater" has finally broken his pledge never to skate with a girl. A few nights ago, skating enthusiasts who frequent the dam were shocked at the sight of Romeo Richardson cutting figure eights etc. across the smooth surface of ice. Clinging strongly to his arm was a fair, damsel from the John W. Russel. Ah Me, in the winter a young man's fancy-----or something.

MOTHER NATURE ROBS AIR-FORCE OF FUTURE BRILLIANT AIRMAN.

Yes, kids, it's true. Mother Nature has played a dirty trick on one of the future air-men of the C.H.S. Our "little" chum Chuck was all prepared to go to the defence of his country and guess what happened? The night before he was was ready to leave our midst fate decreed that Charles was to catch the "mumps". This was not very nice of her so we are getting a petition up against her to see what can be done about it.

"WATERTON EXPOSES REASON FOR THE FREQUENT MOUNTAIN LAND-SLIDES.

In a recent Geology period our ingenious J.E. Waterton advanced his scientific reasoning for the cause of the frequent land-slides in the Rockie Mountains. He claims that a freind of his, a railroad engineer, told him that an engineer told him that they were caused by the sharp whistle of the train as it passes the mountain. We will not go out on the limb so far as to say that this is right but after being in conversation with Jim we would believe almost anything.

ENDEVOUR AND BILGEWATER COME THRU' WITH THE GOODS ON TIME

Yes, fellow students, beleive it or not but we, after two years of trying, finally got our column in on time. Our Editor had promised us both a big sucker on the day when we got our page in on time. Now the old meanie has gone back on his word and would only give us one between the two of us. We ask of you, is that very nice of him?

Until next month we remain yours truly, hoping for colder weather, Bilgewater and Endeavour.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT



Christmas Greetings Friends! To begin this month's issue I should like to offer some useful suggestions to those people who are still stuck with giving gifts, that is everyone. Don't give practical gifts or things you think people need. If people need them, it's fairly certain that they've already got them. If they haven't, it's a sure sign they don't need them. However, do give things that flatter people. To illustrate: if your mother-in-law gives you a pair of stockings, they are sizes too small, your Aunt would be pleased beyond measure. She would think that people in general and your mother-in-law in particular did not realize that she weighed all of the 320 lbs. She really does, and that consequently she needs, to say the least, large size stockings. Nothing could be more flattering to a fat woman than to underestimate her weight. It's sound psychology. Try the same idea and see the results. Does it work every time? Don't know; never tried it!!!

I take great pleasure in presenting a late communique received from a foreign observer "Windy" Harechest, the fightingest Sgt. Pilot, by his own estimation, in the R.C.A.F. in England. Harechest says: "I have just added to my collection of medals, a German Iron Cross. How I managed it, I will reveal in this hitherto unpublished scoop-so lend an ear."

It was only two days ago that this sensational thing happened. I was on escort duty with my Spitfire squadron over France when we were ambushed by the German Death's Head Squadron led by a "friend" of mine, Colonel von Kraut.

The Huns dove out of the clouds. Their guns blenched deadly machine gun and cannon fire. Only through my skillful flying and coolness was I able to escape immediate destruction. I noticed at once that von Kraut and two other Messerschmitts had selected me for their meat. It was easy to tell von Kraut; his aeroplane bears the distinctive sauerkraut barrel insignia. He came at me like a demon, blasting away with his noisemaker and making holes in everything on my crate except me. I swerved out of his line of fire and looped in to position behind the second attacking plane. I gave him one blast with my guns and he disintegrated. A few seconds later I disposed of the third attacker who was so foolish as to let me get my sights on him. But alas, while I was

polishing of that German, von Kraut got a bead on me-and I found that I had to bail out.

Before I reached the ground, the dog fight had broken up. When I landed I found that the sun was setting. I decided that I might as well try to walk to the coast in the hope that I'd be able to cross the channel some how. After walking for an hour across fields and through woods I suddenly heard voices-German voices. Before I knew it, I walked smack into an aeroplane covered with branches. I had unknowingly walked into camouflaged German air field. My thinking apparatus told me exactly what to do. I strode boldly over to an aeroplane which had just been serviced and into which a man was getting ready to climb. I came up behind him and bellowed, "Heil Hitler." He swung around, thrust his right arm into the air and bellowed back, "Heil Hitler!" At that moment I let him have it and he collapsed unconscious.

I bent over the figure and who do you think it was. None other than von Kraut himself, the old polecat. I observed a first class Iron Cross at his throat which I decided to take without his permission. And that's how I came to get a German Iron Cross.

I had no trouble getting back home. When I showed my trophies to the other pilots, they turned green with envy. As a result of my exploit Lord Cecil Worthlessness invited me to spend my Christmas leave with him and his daughter at Elegant Manor; their home.

Speaking of Christmas, thanks to you and the gang for the stuff you sent. I'm using the socks as laundry bags; they're just big enough. I won't be able to do without the hot water bottle you sent me-after I find a use for it. Thanks to for the chocolates and other food you sent. Unfortunately for me, the other pilots here are illiterate and couldn't read the "Private" and "Do not Open Till Christmas" signs you put on the box.

Trust me to keep you informed on my heroic exploits. Merry Christmas to you and the mob at C.H.S.

Yours,

Sgt. Pilot Windy Harechest,
D.F.C. and Iron Cross, 1st class.

This December issue of the R.B.&G. will probably be the last and consequently there will be no more Ink Pots. I hope you have enjoyed the nonsense that has appeared in them. Best wishes for a happy Christmas holiday.

УДМУРТИЯ

THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

THROO' THE KEYHOLE

BETTY GROVEN and ASSISTANTS



While doing my daily dozen (key-les) I came upon something which surprised, yet interested me very, very much. I was quite flabbergasted when I espied what was going on behind the locked and heavily guarded door!! (No doubt you will be too.)

Well, is your curiosity raided to a handling point yet? I hope it is!!

Anyway, assuming that it has, I'll now tell you what I beheld with my very own four eyes!! -a happy group of our own husky he-men, engaged in the gentle art of knitting!! Yessiree these brave boys were doing their earnest to "knit one, purle two" to help make the afghan.

Presently-"Gosh, Russ, that shure is a swell shade of pink, that is!!"

"Yep," replied Mr. Sanderson, with a mannish chuckle of dee-light, "this noice bit was left over from a sweater I knit many long years ago!! Say doc, who showed Chris how to knit like that?"

"Well, I'll tell ya-Gordon told me the editor told him that Len heard Chris tell Frank that that "cute li'l blonde" learnt him. Gee, I shure wish someone'd show me, oh boy!!"

Then "Little Chuck" pipes up, "Say fellows, how d'ya like my square? I'm almost finished!!"

Of course, Horatio McNary was flying along like "all get out" (even though he'd already knit two!!-incidentally, they were green and red, Christmas oh, boy-but that's off the subject.)

Yessir, I sure wish all you girls coulda been there (I stayed so long I got a kink in my neck, and it's still there!!) Just picture our big anly heroes, knitting away as fast as Cliff drives his car.....

After I had interviewed most of the fore mentioned, these shy blushing boys decided that it would be a good dead to form a Knittin' Club,,with resident, secretary, 'n'everythin'. Of course, needless to say, the girls will give them their total support. Good Luck, boys!!!!

Looking over a copy of the "Russell Star" remember kids-way back in good ol' grade nine? I saw the following adjectives (or is it adverbs?) describing Roland: reserved, optimistic, agile and determined.

Well he is really living up to his reputation of grade nine days. He's still reserved, but not the way you think-he's reserved for Miss Jones or is it Miss Smith? Poor guy, he's really optimistic-some cruel soul told him he'd graduate in 1946. Well he's

agile all right-especially on Halloween. Why? Oh, can't you guess?? We won't leave you in the dark, dear reader-but we think "Sven" ought to take up "detectiving" then he could dodge the crooks!!

Determined-----???? Well, just so's you won't be disappointed, I'll tell you what he told me, "I'm gonna grow one of them there things like Chuck has when I get to be eighteen!!!!

Dear Children,

As I was just beginning to lose hope of ever getting my column done, this choice play-by-play description was flashed to me. The scene is as per usual, C.H.S., and the time of the following episode is 8:40p.m., Wednesday, December 10th. The characters (bless their hearts) are Chuck Tim and our Russ.

After a Hunt and Peck party in the typing room(have you found the "U" yet Chuck?) the chilluns retured to the gym for a round of----well I'm coming to that!!

Next flash discloses Chuck trying (oh-oh-oh so hard) to get something "good" on the radio, just so's he can drown out Paderewski.

Tim is now gazing mournfully at the ceiling and sighing, "Do You Care?" (wonder who she is-hm-m-m-m) while our Russ pounds out a hot tune. Go easy, kid, them things cost money!!

Oh, happy day, Chuck has found an ad in a copy of an Edmonton Journal (sorry, Chris) dating April 19, 1927 Quote:"2,400 women's light cotton vests at \$.25 per garment.Unquote. Tim and our Russ, gaze at each other, wide-eyed, snap out of it, boys!!

Now Chuck is dancing the La Conga with a cute li'l chair, but Tim gets jealous and chases him-poor Chuck!!

Puff, puff, all fagged out, each from his own excitable excitement, toddle home to mama for a supply of Band Aids and hopeful encouragement.

Well, I though Tim was going to practise his solo, but it looks like "Love Conquers All"--Ah me!!

Well, my little cherubs, since Christmas will soon be around with purty lights, holly, mistletoe (oh boy!!) and "mornings After" I s'pose you can hardly wait for the wonderful super-joyful holidays and Santa!!

But remember, dear children, take care of your health---you should retire by 5a.m., at least.....

This is yer ol' "Peeker" signing off, and wishing you a Merry Christmas, as, not too many hangovers, and no hard feelings!! Bye Now-

Essay On A Cow

The cow is a mamal. It has six blades, right and left upper and below. Behind the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this she sends flies away so they don't fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with. Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. This is the reason for fresh air in the country. A man cow called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing at all it is because its sides are full up with grass.

Formula For a Dazing Different Report Card

Yes boys and girls I'm sure you all wish to know the secret of getting an unusual report card. Perhaps these tips will help you to gain a report that is quite unusual.

- 1) Rush into the classroom a few minutes late and slam your books on the desk with a bang!
- 2) If possible, procure a knife and begin carving on the desk!
- 3) Begin your daily chew!
- 4) Pay no attention to the recitation.
- 5) If you sit near a window, gaze out of it fixidly. Something exiting might happen outside.
- 6) If perchance the teacher asks a question you can answer, wait for her to call on someone else and then hooler out the answer. This is not only charitable to the other students, but will impress the teacher with your intelligence.
- 7) If your neighbors show symptoms of studying, whisper continually.
- 8) If the teacher should be so rude as to call you down, give her a dirty look and sulk the rest of the day.
- 9) When the bell rings cease whispering start talking loudly.
- 10) Park your gum under your desk. This is economy, as you can chew the same gum the next day.
- 11) As soon as you are dismissed rush to the door pushing down anybody that happens to be in your way. Remember that it is important that you leave the room.

It is guaranteed that if these les are followed, a very unusual report card will be your reward.

At a lecture, as the talk became duller and duller, the audience grew smaller and smaller until only one person remained. The speaker asked him why he hadn't left too.

"I can't," came the weary reply, "I'm the next speaker."

To be born on Christmas Day is according to an old superstition to be lucky all one's life.

At a large dinner party a financier was placed next to a lady whose name he didn't catch. During the first course he noticed at the left of the host a man who had bested him in a business transaction. "Do you see that man?" he muttered fervorously to his dinner partner. "If there's one man on earth I hate he's it!"

"Why," exclaimed the lady, "that's my husband."

"Yes, I know," said the financier glibly, "that's why I hate him."

Gems From The Swapper's Column

I wish to swap for anything of equal value, a 2I-passenger bus.

I have a pair of \$2.50 gold evening slippers, brand new. All I want is a pair of bedroom slippers, size 6c or d.

Nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little.

In a strange villiage I asked a Vermonter for aid in finding a man.

"Do you know Underwood?"

"Yep."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yep."

"Do you think he's at home now?"

"Nope."

"Well, where can I find him?"

"Here. I'm Underwood."

-Roderick Peattie

Quotable Quotes

"I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours."

-Jerome K. Jerome

"We lived for days on nothing but food and water."

-W.C. Fields

"Perhaps the principal objection to a quarrel is that it interrupts an argument."

- G.K. Chesterton.

"Women are like citadels. Some are taken by strom and others withsatnd a long and vigorous siege."

-D. Ainsworth

Slogans of the Blitzed

Sign across a badly blasted Birmingham wine shop window:

"We are carrying on with unbroken spirits."

"Jerry blew in, why not you?"



SKIN

PEOPLE

They are a low

The people are a low
backed and are of
a low stature.

The people are a low
backed and are of
a low stature.

The people are a low
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Special Christmas Feature

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FRIENDS

The R.B.&G's. gift to you this year comes in the form of high class poetry, of a kind that high school students, even as you, can appreciate.

The staff mangles "Good King Wenceslas" and this is the result:

Good King Wenceslas looked stout
At the Feast of Stephen,
For he'd been at the blow-out,
From morning until 'even.
All the waiters feet were sore
The cooks were in a frenzy,
Stuffing turkeys by the score,
Before they stuffed old Wency!

The staff decided to write the same poem as Brns, Edgar Allen Poe and Longfellow might have. Here is what they produced.



Page edited by Gussie, the office-boy.

BURNS:

Guid King Wenceslas lookit oot
On the Feast o' Ste'en
When the sna' lay rune about
Deep, crisp and e'en,
Bonnie shain the muin the nicht
The could it wasna' dwindle',
When aye gudeman cam' in sight
Gleanin' peats for kindlin'.



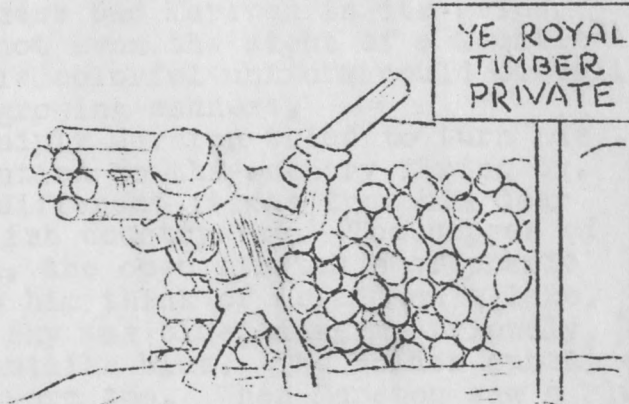
EDGAR ALLAN POE:

Once upon a midnite weary,
old King Wenceslas so dreary
Stood and looked upon the country
where the snow had lately snowed.
And he saw a working plumber,
gathering Yule-logs without number,
Dollar-fifty was the worth of the
plumber's final load,
Quoth the monarch:
"Well I'm blowed."



LONGFELLOW:

It was on the feast of Stephen
On the "Feast of Many Ha-ha's"
When the snow was lying even,
Deep crisp and very even,
That King Wenceslas looked outwards,
Wenceslas the kind old bounder
Saw the peasant, Shaving Water,
From the fountain of St. Agnes,
From the good-league henceward mountain,
From the mount that girds the forest,
Gathering hunks of private timber,
For the roasting of his dinner-
Two small sparrows stuffed with chestnuts.
ETC.



So that you'll turn away from this page in disgust, we conclude with a peice of modern madness.

Old King Cole in the Castle Hall
Was groaning fit to bust the wall,
For he had mistletoe for tea,
Becuse he mistook it for celery.

Chorus:

Oh, the mistletoe-ow!
Oh, the mistletoe-ow!



MARSTON'S CANADIAN HOME

by Patricia Laurent



opsis:

Fifteen-year old Marston Hunt is sent to Canada to live with his aunt s. Cochrane, for the duration of the war. Thrilled and excited by the thought of living on an Alberta farm, Marston is nevertheless very shy, and rather timid. The frank friendliness of the Canadians surprises him, warming his heart to what will be his new home.

PART II

Marston's Aunt Polly met him at the station. Very reluctantly Marston said goodbye to his new-found friend, Perry Dawson, and turned with trembling heart to meet her.

"Oh! Marston!" she cried as she enveloped him in her arms. "You poor dear boy. Marston's lips quivered, but he remembered his British blood in time, and said bravely, "Hullo, Aunt Polly, I'm glad to be here. Mother sends you her love." Mrs. Cochrane smiled down at her nephew with the utmost tenderness and understanding.

"Come along, Marston!" she said lightly. "The 'bus' is waiting. The boys are anxious to see you. So's Janey." she added with a sly twinkle in her eyes, and was gratified when she saw Marston's face brighten. Within a word to the porter she started from the platform. Marston followed, rather slowly, full of awe and wonderment at what he saw. Canada was so new and strange to him, so vast and terrifying. It was to be his home for the duration. How he wished he was back in his grey, old London—his dear London! How he missed his mother!

His thoughts were cut short. Mrs. Cochrane had stopped in front of a motor car. At least, Marston thought that it resembled a motor car, although he felt calling it that was an exaggeration. Battered fenders, broken windows and decrepit tires were all part of its make-up. It boasted half a hood and no top. On one rusted side, painted in glaring red letters were the words, "Don't pass us up!" But most interesting of all were the three figures that hung precariously over the swinging doors. "Hi mom!" chorused three voices in unison, "Where've you been?"

"See you brought him after all. I thought maybe he missed us," added one boy of seventeen or so.

"Don't mind him. He can't help it,"

said the other boy. "How're you, Marston ol' kid!" Marston was amazed and shocked. He managed to stammer a feeble "Hullo." Mrs. Cochrane laughed, but sobered quickly, and said reprovingly, "Jim!" Then she made the introductions. Everybody started talking at once, and Marston, bewildered beyond comprehension by so much noise, found himself seated on a hard bumpy, shiny, leather seat, between the twins, Janey and Jim, with his Aunt Polly seated beside the seventeen year old Don in the front.

With a series of sputters and jerks the engine burst into a shuddering roar, and Don, his face wreathed in smiles, inquired, "All set?" Janey and Jim cried "Yes" enthusiastically, and before Marston realized what had happened, they were on their way. The twins chattered incessantly, but Marston sat silent. He was alone with his thoughts once more. They were of England; of his mother and his friends of the bare, brick school house and his stern old master. He longed for the wail of the siren, for the familiar sight of an A.R.P. Warden. Homesickness had Marston in its grips, and not even the sight of a Mountie in his colorful uniform could dispell his growing sadness.

Vainly Marston tried to turn his attention to the scenery flying by. How different it was from his dear English countryside. The copses of bush, the open stretches of prairie made him think of island on a lake. The sky was blue, a warm, friendly, unfamiliar blue. The golden sunshine was warm too. When Marston saw a blue-bird flash by, he suddenly was aware that Alberta was beautiful. He hoped he would always find it beautiful.

Suddenly Janey pointed to one side and cried,

"Look! Marston! There's our school. You'll go there with us tomorrow!"

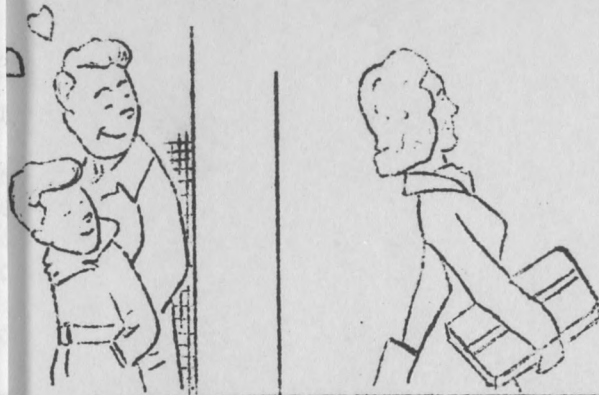
Marston saw a small white building, surrounded by trees. He could not imagine it to be a school. It looked like a cottage. School to him meant a big, bare building, square and brown, surrounded by trim hedges. Tomorrow he would learn his lessons in that little white school house, meet new children, begin a new life. His dread overshadowed his anticipation, and his heart grew heavier still. Must he always feel so? He would have to wait to see.

Patricia Laurent

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT

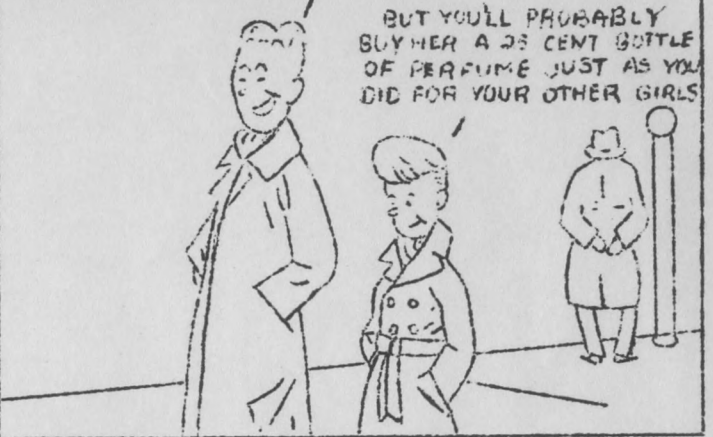
CAMROADS HIGH

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

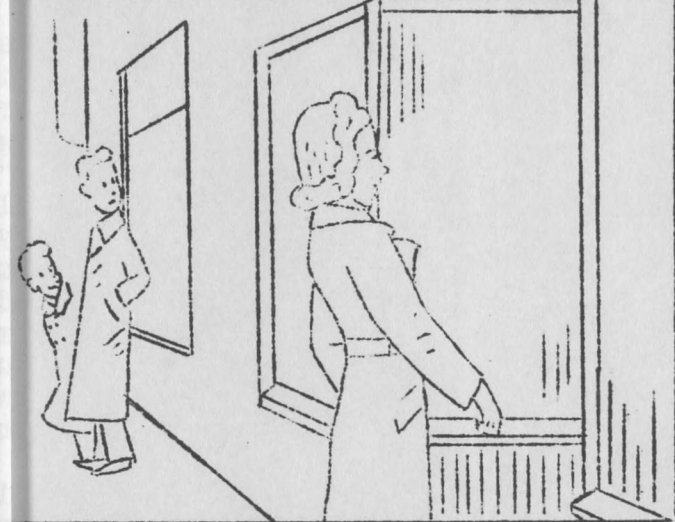


YESSIR, JANEY'S THE BEST YET! SHE'S GOT LOOKS, PERSONALITY AND A POP WHO'S CIGARS ARE EXCELLENT AND AVAILABLE. SHOULD GET HER THAT DRESSING SET BUT -

BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY BUY HER A 25 CENT BOTTLE OF PERFUME JUST AS YOU DID FOR YOUR OTHER GIRLS



OH LOOK! JANEY'S GOING INTO THAT STORE. COME ON! I WANT TO TALK TO HER.



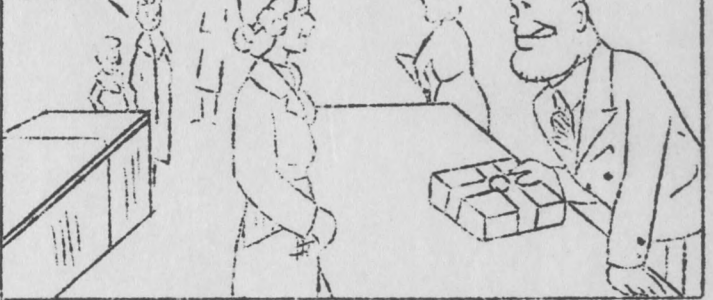
YES SIR - ITS FOR THE NICEST BOY IN THE WORLD. TEN DOLLARS YOU SAY? I'LL TAKE IT.

IT'S A WONDERFUL GIFT, MISS.

XMAS BARGAINS

MEN'S GIFT

STAY BACK BUD DON'T LET HER SEE US



OH BOY SHE CALLED ME THE "NICEST BOY IN THE WORLD. AND THE PRESENT SHE GOT - A CLIPPER ELECTRIC SHAVER!

YOU LUCKY STIFF! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET HER THAT SET NOW.



HOLY SMOKES! THATS RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO BORROW FIVE DOLLARS MORE TO ADD TO WHAT I ALREADY GOT TO GET IT.



CAME CHRISTMAS

OH MOTHER! LOOK AT WHAT BILL SENT ME - ITS BEAUTIFUL!



WHAT'S THE MATTER BILL, DIDN'T JANE SEND THAT GIFT?

SHE SENT IT ALL RIGHT - TO HER BROTHER IN THE R.C.A.F. I GOT LOVE AND THE SEASONS GREETINGS!



W. CASE OF MISTAKE

